

## The Stremes

### "Crook"

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You're shooting looks at me semi-automatically  
Just like you've never seen what it is that you see  
I'm just a man in the street  
I got shoes on my feet  
You always get what you want  
But do you know what you need?  
All my intentions are good  
But my pockets are empty  
I've got nothing to give except for what's in my body

Let me pat you down  
Are you wired?  
Don't you make a sound  
Were you hired?  
Cus you're a fucking crook  
You're a liar  
You're playing with my cash  
So you're fired  
You know it's making me lose my mind  
Hard to find  
Lose my mind  
Hard to find

I'm gonna go if you stay  
I'm gonna stay if you go  
If you ask I don't know  
If you're fast then I'm slow  
You know you're pissing away  
Your words bitching at me  
Cus I won't ever hear what you're saying to me  
And are you really a fan?  
Are you really the sweet type?  
I don't know I don't know  
Cus I fell right out of bed  
And stumbled into your spotlight  
And you could be making this up

(chorus)

